

aunt laura used

to buy beef hearts
for some kind of
pennsylvania dutch
stew that simmered
on her stove for
hours i remember
watching her bent
over the kitchen
sink scraping fat
off those thick
hearts then
quartering them
she was a big
balloon of a woman
w/her hair balled
into a severe bun
at the back of her
head she never
used perfume didn't
believe in it
smelled of armpit
& animal suet some
times when my
brother & i got
out of control
she'd storm into
the front room
waving her butcher
knife big chunks
of fat pasted to
her dress